

VIEWPOINT

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THE EDITORS

John Patton	Curtis Kearns	Clark Wiser	Jim Cubie
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VIEWPOINT originated as a response to specific needs on the seminary campus. It is a semi-monthly publication evolving from a genuine concern for a medium to express campus opinion on pertinent issues, to expose creative writings otherwise unnoticed, and to stimulate intellectual and spiritual give and take within the theological community. We seek to maintain that spirit. Material should be submitted, preferably typewritten and double spaced, to the Office of Student Publications, 6 Hodge Hall, no later than the Monday preceding the date of issue in which it is to appear. The editors reserve the right not to print, or to defer for later publication, any article submitted. The editors assume no responsibility for opinions other than their own; neither do the articles herein reflect the official position of Princeton Theological Seminary.

EXIT DAVID EVANS?

Gary B. Deason

"...we do not conceive of the Administration and Faculty as over against the student body..."

"...for free discussion as an avenue to personal trust, and thereby to real community."

----- Princeton Seminary Handbook
1968-1969

It is at least curious that the only entry which reappears under the title "Instructor" in the 1968-1969 Princeton Seminary Catalogue exactly as it did four years before in the 1965-1966 issue is that of "David Beecher Evans, Ph.D., Instructor in Church History." Every doctoral recipient on the earlier list who has remained at Princeton is now an assistant professor. Indeed, one who now bears that title is listed in 1965-1966 under "Candidates for the Degree of Doctor of Theology." There is no quarrel with these promotions; only curiosity as to why, by comparison, David Evans has remained in the same capacity in which he was hired four years ago.

This point of curiosity has certainly been raised many times by students who have sat in one of Dr. Evans' classes. However, recent events are quickly transforming idle curiosity into urgent concern and, in some cases, into downright anger. This change in attitude is becoming widespread as news circulates that Dr. Evans has been asked to leave Princeton Seminary. Overwhelming considerations convince many of us that this request is unwarranted and unjust.

In addition to the standards of academic excellence which Dr. Evans conveys wherever he goes, his teaching abilities and warm personality make him a superior asset to our community. We are impressed and inspired by the skill with which he brings the questions and problems of the early church to bear upon the struggles within our own church and lives. We know this to be possible only because he has experienced these struggles himself. Dr. Evans' knowledge of and orientation in the Eastern church serves to broaden theological learning and to provide an air of ecumenicity to theological discussion on our campus. His willingness to honestly encounter students at almost any time and place has encouraged and edified us. Dr. Evans has graciously consented to offer reading courses to individual students, meeting regularly as many as four hours per week during a frantic period in which he needed every moment to organize a book for publication. There is no question in our minds that David Evans is one of those rare teachers who demonstrates a genuine concern for his students. Anyone who has sat in one of his classes cannot help but recognize his immense ability, gracious attitude, and unquestioned integrity.

Over one-third of the student body apparently agree. Two hundred and four students recently signed a randomly (and briefly) circulated petition requesting that Dr. Evans be offered the opportunity to remain at Princeton Seminary.

The concern that became public with the circulation of this petition was first felt last spring when a few students caught wind that Dr. Evans' contract was not renewed. In September, a couple of these students ventured forth to ask President McCord for an explanation. It was stated at that time that (a) funds were simply not available and (b) the comparatively small number of students in history courses did not warrant the large number of members presently on the history faculty. Curious as to why, in view of these explanations, Evans was hired in the first place, the students requested

another appointment. At that time, the President's secretary made clear to the students, "Don't call us, we'll call you." Three months later, following repeated reminders to the secretary, one student was allowed an interview. Identical explanations and a pat-on-the-back were forthcoming. Once again dissatisfied, these few students requested others who were well-acquainted with Dr. Evans to form a committee for the purpose of actively seeking a satisfactory explanation for the cancellation of Dr. Evans' contract and, in the event that none was given, of working toward the renewal of that contract. Unable to obtain an appointment en masse with the President for at least three weeks, this committee has proceeded with various activities. It is in the spirit of community, as set forth in the Princeton Seminary Handbook, that the committee finds its task. It has circulated the above-mentioned petition in an effort to obtain student support, corresponded with the Trustees, Administration, and Faculty in an attempt to prevent closure on the question by lapse of time, received an unanimous endorsement of its position from the Student Council, and printed the present article in an effort to bring its questions and concerns to the forum of an open community.

First, we find it at least curious as to why David Evans was hired as an instructor in church history four years ago and has failed to be promoted beyond that level in spite of his obvious abilities. Second, we do not understand why he is being asked to leave. It seems to us that a man of proven academic, pedagogic, and personal worth should be retained without question for the good of the entire community, both present and future. It is at least unsatisfactory to hear that Princeton Seminary, who in 1965 embarked on a decade of massive physical development (new chapel, \$750,000; new speech studios, \$500,000; new dormitory, \$1,800,000; new service and maintenance center, \$1,000,000; etc.), does not have the funds to maintain a faculty member of proven merit. If the problem is with the budget, then we question the wisdom of placing concern for the physical plant prior to quality instruction. The recent loss of another unquestionably talented and popular faculty member enforces this question of priorities. We understand that a large sum of money (\$500,000) is needed to endow a professorial chair and that once tenure is offered (after a maximum of six years), there must be endowment to back it up. However, in view of the large expenditure of money on physical plant (\$7,790,000) and of the ten-year allotment "to create new professorial chairs and to supplement existing chairs" (\$4,000,000), it seems that such endowment could be obtained in order to retain men of proven ability and to build a faculty of lasting quality, if such were the priorities. This seems to be especially important in the case of Dr. Evans, whose departure will force other members of the faculty to double up in order to fill the absence of a specialist in the patristics field. Furthermore, if the history department is operating at minimum efficiency, it seems very strange to ask the one man to leave who in recent semesters has been one of its top drawing cards for student enrollment. The incoming junior is confronted with one frequent suggestion, "Take Evans."

Certainly in view of his extended instructorship, Dr. Evans cannot be expected to desire to remain at Princeton. We would certainly understand (though begrudgingly) should he decide to leave. What we cannot understand is the administration's desire to make his decision for him.

It is not with vehemence that these questions and concerns are set forth. We are simply concerned that the man who commands respect from at least one-third of the student body for his academic integrity, teaching ability, and downright friendliness is being asked to leave and we do not understand why. It makes us suspicious of the higher institutional machinery that makes such decisions. It makes us doubt whether the genuine good of the student body which composes a very major part of Princeton Theological Seminary has been taken into consideration. Surely suspicion and doubt have no place in our community.

Gary B. Deason representing
The Committee Concerned for David Evans

THE LETTER PEOPLE

bruce boston

A.B., B.D., M.R.E., Th.D.
Sacred uncials
of the Lonely-lettered union cards -
Am I this sort of capitalist
Alienated from lower-case proletarians and
Fenced in by barbed wire made of parchment?
How much alphabet soup makes a man, or
Are the unfettered the unlettered?

J.S. BACH OR JOAN BAEZ:
REFLECTIONS ON THE FOLK IDIOM IN WORSHIP

Laurence Stookey

The "reviews" were mixed as the liturgics critics left Miller Chapel after the folk service presented by the youth group from the Franklin Lakes (N.J.) Presbyterian Church. There was universal agreement on the quality of the performance and on the appreciativeness of the seminary community for this contribution. But some critics hailed the folk idiom as a new messiah, sent to save worship from the doldrums of despair, while others (a few of them not over 30) expressed concern about "low-browism" as a threat to conventional worship. The former, however, far outnumbered the latter--or at least they were more vocal. But the question stands, and put into stereotypes may be stated as follows: Should the music of worship be that of J.S. Bach or that of Joan Baez?

My answer is: neither and both. Neither, used exclusively; both, used sensibly. There is no need here (or at least no space) to argue to pros and cons of Bach. There is no difficulty in finding the defenses of those who wish worship to be a "Bachanalia." The present discussion is related instead to the uses and limitations of folk music. In his 1966 Stone Lectures, Erik Routley, a British Congregationalist pastor and a Fellow of the Royal School of Church Music, both defended and defined the use of folk song:

What folk songs can do...is reflect faithfully and precisely the prevailing mood of a culture. They can express the world's unregenerate needs, often through irony and anger; they can say things, sung by a soloist, that hymns cannot, communally sung, begin to say. It is in respect of folk song...that I myself am prepared to say, "If public worship as we know it cannot accomodate this, then we ought to consider altering public worship so that it can."¹

Though this statement is brief, it is highly suggestive for the development of a critique of folk music in worship. Routley asserts first of all that folk music reflects the prevailing cultural mood. This is helpful in worship: we must come as we are, neither dissembling nor cloaking ourselves before the face of the Almighty. Hymnals, by their very nature, are dated before the ink is dry; folk songs express the mood of today. But the other side of the coin is this: worship must deal with more than things as they are humanly speaking. Now that services are being held in the East Room of the White House, the church must be more careful, not less careful, to

¹Erik Routley, Words, Music, and the Church. Abingdon Press, 1968, p. 125.

distinguish between the prevailing mood of the culture (or of a sub-culture) and the demands of a righteous God. If God is to be our redeemer, he must first be our judge--whether we are politicians, preachers, or some other variety of sinner.

Even when folk music is filled with righteous indignation at the status quo, it seems to lack the transcendent hope which Bach, for example, can provide. It is magnificently descriptive; it is not kerygmatic. And generally it is not objective with respect to God. The relationship between God and man is often too "chummy" and resembles the "he walks with me, and talks with me, and tells me I am his own" genre against which church music has fought so strenuously. An object of worship who permits us to slap him on the back as if he were an old fraternity brother, or who cheerily allows us to be little Jack Horner Christians (off in our corner saying, "What a good boy am I!") because we have the correct social outlook--this object of worship is god made in our image and after our likeness. Such a deity may well reflect the prevailing mood of our culture; but such a deity is not the Christian's Lord and God.

Routley further suggests that folk music expresses unregenerate needs. [Whether this is a second assertion or merely an amplification of the first is beside the point here.] Unregenerate needs: both words must function. Folk music meets a need; this seems apparent from the popular acceptance of it (though relevance can never be measured by statistics alone). The folk idiom is a judgment and a warning to the church: perhaps we have been too eager to be musically and intellectually sophisticated and have cut ourselves off from the common people who heard Jesus so gladly. Folk tunes are "catchy" (as the chorale tunes were for 18th century Germans, but as they may not be for 20th century Americans who are conditioned by TV commercials rather than by counterpoint). And the mythology of the folk idiom is fascinating: the three storey universe is back, together with the Garden of Eden and the rolling Jordan. Perhaps we have been too eager to "elevate the standards" of our worship. There are evidences that technological man may be more mythologically inclined than we have suspected. The church must be careful lest she sophisticate herself out of business.

But these very needs, real as they are, should be seen for what they are--basically unregenerate. "Low-brow" music may be nothing more than a way to avoid giving God the very best of which we are capable. (The counsel of excellence has always been a raison d'etre of "good" church music.) The theology of folk song may signify a refusal to grapple with sound Biblical scholarship, or even a refusal to think about what one is singing. (Routley notes that one group of youth who sang "Michael, Row the Boat" had no idea who Michael was or why he was in a boat, and did not think it mattered. Ibid., p. 121.) Lack of attention to words is a disease as common to those who sing Bach as those who sing Baez, but wherever and whenever it is found, it betrays a basic dishonesty in worship.

Unless used critically (and, I would argue, unless used in conjunction with other forms of music), folk music will be entertainment at best and manipulation at worst. Now there is nothing wrong with entertainment, but it should not be mistaken for worship. Worship should not be an unpleasant and boring Protestant penance; yet if we leave a service saying merely, "I certainly enjoyed that," we only repeat the error we rightly disdain in those who utter the very same words to the preacher about his sermon:

The greater danger is that folk song may be used manipulatively. No form of music is free of this potentiality, but a certain kind of rousing, popular music is particularly adaptable to a softening-up process which leaves the mind less objective. The psycho-physiological effects of loud, rhythmic noise and bodily motion are well documented. [See, for example, Routley, p. 119.] Hitler knew all about this, as did Elmer Gantry and those he represents. Nor indeed is George Wallace altogether unfamiliar with the technique.

In fact, there are some disturbing similarities between the uncritical use of folk music and the whole Wallace mystique. This is not to attempt guilty by association, nor to suggest that the two are of the same stripe, but both may spring from a common desire: the yearning of technological-nuclear man to return to the womb of frontier life (as he supposes it to have been). Both glorify the common man, the forgotten man who has been pushed down (whether by the professional politicians or the long-haired musicians and stuffy theologians). Both have a romantic longing for simplicity and want to go back to a time (as President McCord recently put it in Chapel) "somewhere between Harding and Coolidge." (Those who doubt this with regard to worship have simply never attended a good old, rip-roaring, hand-clapping, hallelujah-shouting camp meeting!) Both are highly individualistic.

Routley has noted this last characteristic with regard to folk music. He asserts that folk songs, sung by a soloist, say things which cannot be expressed communally. To be sure, folk songs may be sung by groups. Even so, they are basically individual affirmations and perhaps sometimes the group will feel a bit uneasy using someone else's story as its own story. The first person pronoun is more frequently in the singular than in the plural. There is a human need for individual expression and affirmation; but the Christian fulfillment of the need does not consist of an exclusivistic individualism.

Thus folk music must be balanced off with something more transcendent, objective, and communal than is found within it alone. And the balancing off will probably not come best by means of separate types of services of worship. There is a tendency to think of "formal" worship and "folk" worship, with one to be endured and the other enjoyed. Such a psychotic separation has two serious weaknesses from the Christian perspective: (a) it disrupts and denies the catholicity of the church; and (b) it keeps apart two media which should be complementary, not opposed. It was probably just such a dichotomy which brought on the present folk revolution and which could very well bring a counter-revolution "back to Bach" with a vengeance. I suspect folk music appeals to many today because they have sensed a sterility and excessive stuffiness in much of our worship. But it would be tragic irony if those we seek to evangelize through the folk idiom should one day totally rebel against that idiom as too subjective and unacceptable theologically. (The irony of this possibility lies in the fact that when one encounters stuffiness in our present worship, one often finds behind it those who have over-reacted to the subjective, fundamentalistic revivalism of their youth!)

If the folk idiom is to be effectively and permanently employed as an evangelistic tool and in the normative worship of the church, it must be joined with more "traditional" types of music in order that the whole Gospel may be announced and celebrated. One must hope that Hegel's dialectic will work, that there will be a synthesis of folk worship (which is subjective, individualistic, and descriptive of man's situation) and churchly worship (which is objective, corporate, and declarative of God's judgment and mercy). There is no good reason why a church bulletin should look like a concert program from either a Bach choral festival or a Baez folk festival. Bach needs Baez. Baez needs Bach. And the people of God need both.

SOME COMMENTS ON PROFESSOR LOCHMAN'S LECTURES

Sandy Yule

The Church today has much to learn from the faith and experience of the churches of Eastern Europe. The recent lectures by Professor Lochman of Czechoslovakia were a clear indication of this. He made it clear that Communism is not inevitably demonic,

and that Marxism is genuinely able to remind Christians of dimensions of Biblical faith that are lost when the church accepts the norms of its own society too readily. His view of ideology as a legitimate human search for a viable way forward seems a useful corrective to the view that all ideologies are sinful human self-assertions. I found his account of Czech church history particularly interesting, not only for the intrinsic interest of the history of that Church of the Martyrs, but also for the remarkable way in which that history is alive today, and is even, to some extent, the ideological basis for the current reform movement and the resistance to Russian pressure.

The Czech intellectual tradition is heavily influenced by that of Germany; yet the impression left by Professor Lochman is not German. I think that the basic reason for this is that Professor Lochman sees thought as being contained within human life, and not the other way around. He seemed to me to play off theological motifs against humanist ideology in such a way that both were relativized, and so pointed beyond themselves to the concrete situation of men, and to whatever it is that God might have in store for us. The dominant characteristic of his style is an all-pervasive and irresistible sense of humor, and it was perhaps this that made his lectures so "comforting" in the New Testament sense of the word. Professor Lochman is a theologian of world stature whom we should take very seriously--if he will allow that.


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A BLACK PRAYER AND LITANY

Bill Johnson

A Prayer of Thanksgiving

To the Almighty and Eternal White God, giver of every good and perfect gift to all who are like him, white. Depriver of all who are not white of all that is good, just, equal and right--the Black man in America, South Africa and Biafra and wherever the white man has Christianized; the Yellow man in Asia and India and wherever the white man has colonized; and the Red man in America, South America and wherever the white man has capitalized--we come to offer thee thanks for:

Freaks and Fairies - even those who are able to become president and vice-president of the U.S.A.;

Finishing and Flunking - irrelevant term papers, exams, and courses at irrelevant Princeton Seminary;

Friends and Families - those who though they misunderstand us yet share their love with us, and those who don't want to understand us and for whom we don't give a damn;

Fun and Fellowship - that which is good or bad, illegal or immoral, meaningful or useless;

Food and Famine - that which comes abundantly and makes us sluggish from eating like pigs and that which cannot be found and forces some to root like hogs to live;

For all of these things we offer our sincere prayer of thanks. Oh yes, we forgot to thank you in the name of J.C., the Jew-boy who fucked (messed) up and got himself hung on a cross some few hundred years ago trying to overthrow the establishment by preaching equality and justice and of waging a war of love and peace when he should have known that justice and equality are never given to the unequal by the unjust and that war is the antithesis of love and peace. But we thank you in his name anyway for whatever it's worth. AMEN.

A Litany for the American Christian

(The people shall stand and join in singing the hymn "My Country, 'tis of thee" or some other suitable Christian patriotic hymn and remain standing until after the Gloria Patri and the singing of our National Anthem.)

Minister: Lift up your hearts, oh ye Americans.

PEOPLE: WE LIFT THEM UP UNTO THE LORD FOR HE IS GOOD.

Minister: Let us give thanks unto the Lord for this our great nation.

PEOPLE: IT IS RIGHT AND MEET THAT WE DO SO.

Minister: Blessed are we to have a democratic government.

PEOPLE: GLORY BE TO AMERICA, MAY IT ALWAYS REIGN ON HIGH.

Minister: This nation is a Spirit. They that worship not this nation worship not the true spirit.

PEOPLE: GLORY BE TO AMERICA, MAY IT ALWAYS REIGN ON HIGH.

Minister: This nation is light. If we walk in the light as President Nixon is in the light, we have fellowship one with the other; and truly our fellowship is with the Thieu government and with our Allies who are of this light also.

PEOPLE: GLORY BE TO AMERICA, MAY IT ALWAYS REIGN ON HIGH.

Minister: This nation is power. They who believe in this nation shall have their power strengthened. Our helicopters, our jets, our rockets and our ICBMs shall mount up with wings as eagles: our tanks and our artillery shall run and not be weary; and our soldiers shall walk and not faint.

PEOPLE: GLORY BE TO AMERICA, MAY IT ALWAYS REIGN ON HIGH.

Minister: This nation is love. Behold what manner of love our country hath bestowed upon the American Black man. Surely this nation should be called the country of brotherhood. Hereby perceive we the great love this country has for all men for it lays down its life for them in South Viet Nam, in South Korea, and wherever communism abounds.

PEOPLE: GLORY BE TO OUR COUNTRY, MAY IT ALWAYS REIGN ON HIGH.

Minister: Let us pray for our nation, for our president who believes in prayer and who requests that all Christians pray for him. Let us also pray for Secretary Rogers, Secretary Laird, General Abrams, and President Thieu for they too seek divine Revelation.

ALL: ALMIGHTY GOD, UNTO WHOM ALL AMERICAN CHRISTIAN HEARTS ARE OPENED, ALL DESIRES KNOWN, AND FROM WHOM NO SECRETS ARE HID, CLEANSE THE THOUGHTS OF THOSE WHO OPPOSE THIS GREAT CHRISTIAN NATION WHICH THOU HATH ORDAINED AND COMMISSIONED TO PROTECT THOSE WHO CALL UPON THEE; PURGE WITH HISSOP THE TONGUES OF THOSE RABBLE-ROUSERS CALLED PEACE-NIKS, DOVES AND THOSE FALSE BELIEVERS WHO CRY PEACE, PEACE, PEACE. DO THIS KIND FATHER BY THE INSPIRATION OF THY HOLY SPIRIT, THAT THESE UNGRATEFUL ONES MAY PERFECTLY LOVE THIS NATION, AND WORTHILY MAGNIFY THE NAME OF PRESIDENT RICHARD M. NIXON AND HIS CABINET, THROUGH THY SON JESUS CHRIST WHO DIED THAT DEMOCRACY MIGHT LIVE. AMEN. AMEN.

The Gloria Patri

ALL: GLORY BE TO GOD WHO PRESERVES THIS CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATIC NATION AND TO THE PRESIDENT, AND TO THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE WHO PROTECTS US FROM ALL THAT IS COMMUNISTIC AND EVIL; AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW AND EVER SHALL BE, MAY THIS NATION STAND FIRM AS THE PROTECTOR OF THE CHRISTIAN CAUSE, THE SAVIOR OF BROTHERHOOD, AND THE TRUE LIGHT OF DEMOCRACY WHICH SHINETH IN EVERY PART OF THE EARTH. AMEN.

A POEM

John Poling

We are so suddenly
caught in our mid-day prayers.
Fasting has become a business
of a generation which remembers only
surplus crops.
We budget our tithes and offerings
and think it is sacrificial giving
Love is becoming a cliché,
so we replace it with Law and Order.

THE STUDENT AS 'NIGGER'¹

Scott Sullender

Princeton Seminars are 'niggers'. When we get that straight, Seminary will begin to make sense. Students at Princeton are as politically disenfranchised as any Newark ghetto. While we can vote in national elections and have an above average education (at least a B.A.), we have no voice in the decisions which affect our academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government run for the past part by Uncle Toms and concerned with trivia. The faculty decides what courses will be offered and the administration allows us a weekly "experiment" in chapel. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious (as recently) they're either ignored or put off by forming a "committee to consider it." Politically, and socially, students are isolated in ghettos--Tennent, campus, and married students. We do not know that we are really soul brothers.

A student at Princeton Seminary is expected to know his place. We call a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor"--and we smile and shuffle some outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tells us what courses to take, what to read, what to write, what is true and not, what is God's truth, and slaps our hands with grades if we're incorrect. From lofty pulpits, they proclaim God's Word in good Scottish accent. Students, sitting in neat rows, take careful notes so they can go forth to proclaim their lecture notes to the world. Occasionally, a rebellious professor breaks the structure and asks students to create their own course or to grade themselves. But the anxiety is too much and students voluntarily return to slavery, because that's the way we've been trained--as niggers.

The fact that students take this is most discouraging. Of course, we haven't gone through 16 years of public and Church education for nothing. If nothing else we have learned how to follow orders--how to be slaves.

White or black we have a slave mentality. Some are aware of what's going on and if they keep their mouths shut they can stay. Others--including most of the "good students"--have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bull with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in Hebrew, and what's worse they believe it's preparing them for the Church of today. They're like those old niggers in the South, who don't fuss because Mr. Charlie "treats them real good." Seminary entrance requirements tend to favor the Uncle Toms from the nice Church colleges and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Princeton are expert con artists who know perfectly the "language." They want a degree or 4-D and spend three years on the old plantation, laughing with Mr. Charlie.

The Seminary professors are an interesting bunch because they are enslaved by the same slave mentality. Their most striking characteristic is timidity. Just look at their working conditions. At a time even when migrant workers have begun to fight and win, Seminary professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic and educational status. The faculty and students are screwed each time the administration spends \$500 (or so) to have a nice pretty tree next to its building, or one million for a new dorm. In either case we lie flat on our stomachs, mumbling phrases like, "The Lord's work" or "meaningful dialogue," while our education is spent away. Where are the priorities of the Church in an age of revolution?

I'm not sure why professors are so timid. It could be that isolated "pretty" Princeton forces a split between faith and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid and status quo persons (for that matter so does the Church). Professors still think the Church is relevant--that people are "hungry for the Gospel." They haven't looked down nearby Trenton's alleys and seen angry faces; or into Vietnam's bamboo huts and seen children dying of napalm burns. They still think America is a "free country." They still think Princeton is out in front leading the Church into the Kingdom.

This general timidity of professors usually includes a more specific fear--fear of the students. After all, we are different, just like Black people. Professors stand front of us, knowing that our interests, values, language are different than theirs. After all, we are college graduates capable of intelligent opinions and insights that just may show theirs to be out-dated. What then protects them for our scorn? Respect for authority and tradition! That's what! It's the policeman's gun again. That gun means stay away from me. "You can't know me as a person." My ideas are not open to change." I think they know -- that fear makes slaves of them too.

Of course there is a certain ego-reinforcement and security about standing in front of students; lecturing on God's word; calling on politely raised hands; marking exams in red, "Sorry you don't have the correct (my) interpretation;" and of course the ultimate screw--the grade. Professors need to feel superior--a need which makes them cling to their "white supremacy."

Well, there is damn little education in PTS. How could there be? You can't educate slaves; you only train them for their proper ecclesiastical mold. There is a big difference between education and "training". Think about it!

Student slavery is doubly serious because we don't get emancipated when we graduate. As a matter of fact the Church doesn't let us graduate until we've demonstrated our "correct" slave mentality on a series of Presbytery exams. And to get an important job--Seminary teaching or high-up in the Church--they make us go through more years of training just to make sure we're OK. Then led by institutional slaves, the Church attracts more timid victims and the process goes on.

Educational slavery is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're Black, they have to either intimidate you or kill you. But if you're a student, they just bounce you out. Rebel students are silenced with financial strangulation; and renegade faculty members get shot down with devastating accuracy. Most, though, get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. Dropping out of Seminary is a little like going North for a Black, you don't really get away from it. The Church and Seminary remains full of timid Mr. Charlies.

So you might as well stay and raise hell. We could, for instance, insist in participation in our own education. We could teach professors to thrive on love and freedom, instead of fear and authority. We could discover community. We could make coloring books out of the catalogs and put the grading system in a museum. We could send "our" choir in tour with "our" songs (as the "Rejoice" group). We could raze our walls and let education flow out into the streets of Princeton. We could make the classroom anywhere where it's at. Theoretically, we could. But we won't. We won't because, like Black People, our hardest battle is not with Mr. Charlie, but with what Mr. Charlie has done to our minds.

¹For the purpose of stimulating discussion on education at Princeton Seminary, the above article is adapted from an article by Jerry Farber at California State at Los Angeles. As the saying goes, "If the shoe fits, wear it!"

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

People...

people...

running, crawling and killing, or
decomposing
in their would-you-really-rather-have-a-Buick world.
On their way from driveway
to YMCA
to "Park 'n Shop"

Ah, Freedom!

Oh say can you see that
The McCarthyites are safe,
The Socialist Workers Party is anachronistic,
Anarchists are frightening,

Sick,

sick,

Sick are those sitting at the Berkeley Commune table.

And...

Sitting here I sit and wring my hands

and read...

and judge...

and sleep to hide

from the whole damn process.

In the coma of my thoughts I travel...
travel to ivy-covered walls,
to stuffed chaise lounge chairs,
to superficial table conversation.

Life will be safe there,
safe in the arms of Jesus
safe in the covered archway of comfortable, neo-orthodox minds.

In less somatic moments
I would like to...
Yes I would like to blow their minds.
To be clear out in front,
To be to the extreme left, or
To be way behind them,
going in the opposite direction
Because they sonambulate through life.

Alienation is wanting the other side to win.

Where do I step in
jump in
fall in?
How is one baptized into The Movement,
The Movement of the thrusting,
hovering,
pulsing,
World-Spirit of God?

REFLECTIONS ON URBANIZATION IN LATIN AMERICA

Ed Holmes

The following brief article is an attempt to describe just one of the effects of rapid social change in Latin America. It represents a dialogue between life in the 'villas miserias' or shanty towns and a theological concern for God's presence in the midst of change.

INTRODUCTION. Change is not new to our world, but what is different today from any other period in history is the pace, extent and depth of this change. The whole world is caught in revolutionary change, not only in technology, social institutions and physical environment, but in the manner of reflecting upon these occurrences. We are entering a period of revolution which brings forth tensions and fears as much as it does hope for the future of man.

Social upheaval brings about a marked disillusion with the present and a hope for future direction. The technological revolution offers 'miracles' to culturally retarded areas of the world, and in its wake has set in motion a series of irreversible trends. No longer satisfied to be 'have-nots,' nations are striving to become the 'haves' without either the economic or technical tools to enter fully into the 20th century.

One of the features of rapid social change in Latin America is the emergence of 'villas miserias' or shanty towns which have mushroomed around the major urban centers. Shanty towns should not be identified with the North American slum or ghetto. The shanty town does not absorb the 'outcast' of the large city but rather is spontaneously formed by rural elements which concentrate in the hopes of finding new opportunities for work and life. The shanty town is 'organic' and full of hope for a new tomorrow--a characteristic generally lacking in the North American slums. The inhabitants of the

shanty communities are those people who in the midst of rapid social change were both 'expelled' from the rural areas and 'attracted' by the good life in the city.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE CAUSES WHICH GIVE BIRTH TO SHANTY TOWNS? (1) Unfavorable relationship between economic development and the demographic growth rate. Latin America has the highest population growth rate as a direct result of industrial or economic development. Demographic growth followed the 19th century Industrial Revolution in both Europe and the United States; however, the process is reversed in Latin America with demographic growth preceding rather than following the Industrialization process. This is to say the existing system becomes 'over-loaded' and cannot respond to the demands of the urban population.

(2) Internal Migration. Starting around 1930 the rural masses began to stream into into the urban centers in search of a new life. The internal migrant of yesterday is the owner of the shanty today. Concentration of large amounts of land in the hands of a few, exploitation of labor, poor pay and working conditions, lack of educational opportunities and poor health facilities all added up to the migrant's reasons for leaving the rural environment.

He was 'pulled' or 'attracted' to the city precisely because of the many opportunities that exist. Motivated by the hope of economic and social advancement, the illiterate migrant heads for the city. When he arrives, he encounters a lack of housing and what does exist is far beyond his means of payment. He is unable to adjust easily to the new style of life and constantly seeks out fellow migrants as a link with the past. He locates with others like himself who have already 'established' precarious housing on the edge of the city.

LIFE IN THE 'VILLA MISERIA.' Illiterate, unskilled and unacquainted with urban life, the migrant forms part of the surplus labor force which depends upon daily work or "changes." With length of residency he may acquire a skill and secure a steady job. This however does not eliminate the constant problem of sporadic growth and decline in the economic sector which affects him personally.

Life in the villa miseria is a mosaic of traditional rural patterns blended with the new shapes of the city. Life is better here...Or is it? Neither running water nor light is available and sanitation is absent as garbage is thrown in the backyard or along the street. Police brutality is a common fear, and violence is an adjective to describe daily life. Violence? Nothing new. The whole system seethes with it. It may not be outright; it is masked, it is invisible, it is institutionalized. It is "white violence." This type of violence manifests itself in the perpetuation of norms and politics which decree death by hunger, poverty, or disease and deprive man of the basic necessities for "human" life.

Acceleration of rapid social change brings with it increased tensions between the old and the new. Ambitions are stirred beyond capacity as radio, TV, and movies send a barrage of consumer goods into bewildered eyes. Within this context stability and status-quo politics become more important than individual freedom, liberty of the press and political thought. Those persons who are consciously seeking a more human society find themselves increasingly frustrated as they see their economy controlled by foreign interests while their own oligarchic elements are more concerned about self-preservation than the common advancement of all citizens.

For these reasons Latin America today represents a continent caught in the throes of a great upheaval, resulting in advancement for certain sectors but growing cause for disillusionment in others. Many young people are coming to realize the intrinsic injustice which resides in the 'system' and established order. They are convinced that if any real progress is to be made, radical changes must take place. Revolutionary action is thus seen as a viable option with possibilities of a new order in all sectors: social, economic, and political.

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Can we deny the legitimate aspirations of the masses? Frustration continues to
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The Church in Latin America finds itself caught between the security of the system
and the judging call of our Master. If the Church is to regain its prophetic function
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in the interior.

COMMENCEMENT

Ross Warfield

As I come to the end of my seminary education, there is one thing I notice about
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WHAT IS THE CHRISTIAN RESPONSE TO THE CRIES OF MEN WHO SEEK SELF-REALIZATION, BASIC NECESSITIES AND A DECENT LIFE? The violence which is perpetuated by the present system denies man his vocation, his purpose, that of reaching the fullness of humanity and true maturity as seen in Jesus Christ. God's purpose in history, exemplified by Jesus Christ, is to 'make all things new.' The sacred and the profane, the spirit and the flesh, this world and the world beyond become one as God's concern for the total man takes shape in history.

The Christian is called upon to participate in the sufferings of the world as Christ did. Wherever structures impede the dignity of the individual and do not allow him to be fully human, the Christian must challenge that structure. He must be open to change and the ambiguity it brings.

The distinction between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots' seems to be an indictment on the strategic activism of the community of faith. Where the Church has been used as a religious sanctification of the present structures and status-quo mentality, it must re-evaluate its mission. The option to have or not to have a revolution is no longer the question which confronts us today; rather, it is how and to what ends will the revolution be directed.

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We need a theology which helps us be human, which helps us dance and laugh, as well as cry with life, not one which shackles our humanness with "shoulds" that encase our creatureliness in rigormortis. Let us dare to feel our selves, to take the risk of letting passion burn in us and shake our limbs that we might live. To be truly alive is to laugh and cry, to risk tears, dance, laughter, self in allowing ourselves to become vulnerable to the experiences of life.

Existence at the seminary is morgue-like. Passion and spontaneity are stifled as enjoyment of our humanness is strangled by a clerical collar. We need to let passion, zest, love and spontaneity flow through our veins, and to have a heart that beats with the pulse of life. If we cannot take the risk of feeling, then we cease to live.

JESUS IN THE VICTOR

Clark Wiser

God's kingdom shall fore'er endure,
His love abide unfailing;
His sheep will always find secure
His fold from foes assailing.
Should Satan, darkness' boastful prince,
Us seek to slay, our faith attempt
With doubts to siege, with sin's contempt
Our hearts with error to convince,
God's pow'r will crush all foes contending
Against His reign, His friends defending.

Who knows what future ills await
Us, what wild raging river
Refuses proudly to abate
Its dreadful tide, apt to deliver
Unskillful swimmers o'er to death?
Or what coarse slander, haughty jeer,
Will threaten us with surging fear,
As thrashing, seeking yet one breath,
Against the crafty depth's connivings,
We all but cease our hopeless strivings?

All-mighty God, most sov'reign King,
Our trusted, sure Defender,
Who worlds created, to Whom sing
Seraphic hosts in splendor,
Life's Architect, and by Whose word
From nothing sprang the universe
With endless beauties, songs diverse,
As yet by human ears unheard,
Should I offend Thee by denying
Thou hearest, Lord, my deepest sighing?

Believe to see the dawning ray
Of God's eternal glory;
Awake, my soul, salute the day
That sings the healing story
Of fervent hope, forgiving love,
Of life anew, faith's privilege
To walk with God, redemption's pledge
Of deathless bliss that waits above,
Of Heaven's Son, our living fountain,
Which springs for all on Zion's mountain.

Amid my foes I shall not fear
God's will to do, nor danger
Allow my faith to chill: for near
Is Christ, To me no stranger
His guiding hand, my soul's delight
And strength. In pathways clear He leads
The man, who fully trusts and heeds
His law and plan, His holy light.
And drowned in love is doubt and malice:
'Tis God's pure gift, faith's radiant chalice.

Thy sacred Supper, filled with awe,
Forgiveness, life and healing,
Is spread to rescue from harsh law
Doomed sinners, ever sealing
Within their hearts immortal praise.
Whene'er I with Thy people, Lord,
Receive Thy holy feast adored,
To Thee in awesome joy I raise
My grateful soul, and see and wonder
That death by death is torn asunder.

How come by woe such endless joy,
By grief such holy rapture?
How do Thy wounds my sin destroy,
My soul in bliss they capture?
O surely when Thou sweetest clean
Affection's all too gen'rous shrine,
Affording strength, decree to shine
Thy gracious face, as yet unseen,
Life's loss becomes a festive altar,
Where joys are found that do not falter.

DIALOGUE WITH THE CREATION

Don Broadwell

The tree that smiles and watches silently
above my wandering footsteps,

Tells me something wonderful goes on here.

Life - among her branches held surely out
for some to nest in,
Others . . . like me . . . to see.

Life among the cactus too, and desert sands
Or on a windswept island
North beyond the new frontier.

Doesn't have to be - Why not a wave
Upon the quiet beach
Or snow that billows round the branches of my tree.

Just now a bird flies in to rest
Upon a sturdy branch,
And chirps a friendly song to cheer my way.

"Shut up!" I say, "What's the idea of being so friendly.
"Don't you know there's a war going on?"

"No, I don't," said bird.
"We're sorry to hear that," said tree.

I doffed my hat, turning it so they could see.

"Looks pretty bad," they mused, "let's see if we can help."

"You know, mister," said bird, "Sometimes I get lazy and don't get
the food in for my wife and family,
"Other times I bring too much - overkill."

"Yes," said tree, "don't let it get you."
"Once I built a home with my limbs, another time a cross on which
they crucified some man.
"And you think that's bad? I let them cut me up
"to sell for souvenirs / relics of the True Cross."

"You guys fight this battle too, don't you."
"Sure," they said, "By the way, what's your name?"

"I'd better be going now. The field before me
is unbroken
"And I've a way to go before I sleep."

"So long, But by the way,
Who are you?"
"I told you I had to go!"

"Yes, but we don't see many walk
this way,
"What's your name?"

"Well, if you must know . . .
I've lost it
"Somewhere along the path."

"Oh, then we know," they said,
"So long now,
"We should have introduced ourselves sooner."

"Hold on now -
If you know,
"Tell me."

"My name is Tree," said Tree.
"And I'm Bird," said Bird.
"Why don't you let us call you Human Being?"

"That sounds familiar," I said,
and stepped
Another step into the snow.

* * * * *

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